"The Little Past"

A Cycle of Eight Songs of Child Life

WORDS BY

Josephine Preston Peabody

MUSIC BY

Wm. Spencer Johnson

1.00 Net.

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"The Little Past"

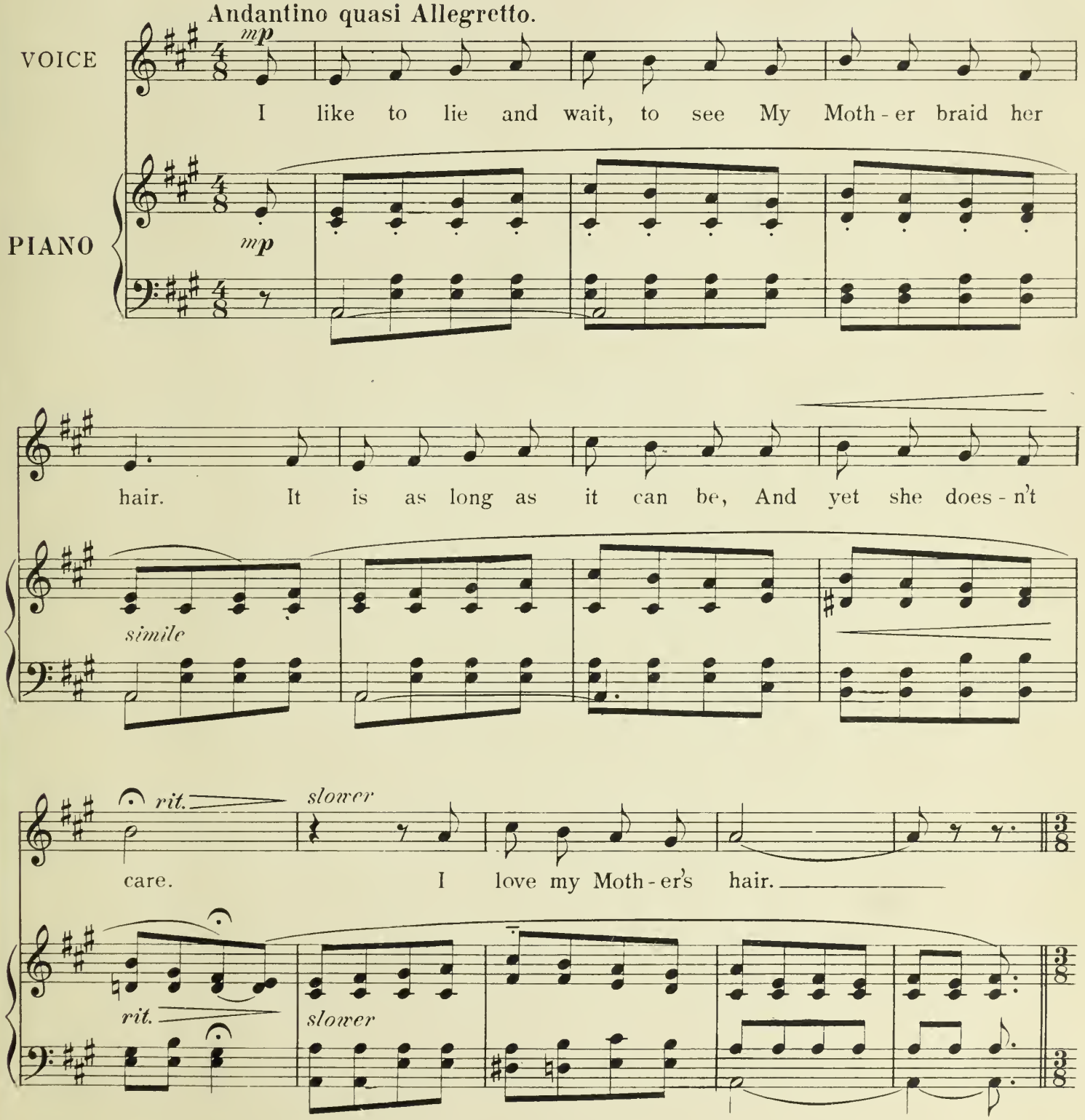
A Cycle of

Eight Songs of Child Life.

Early.

Words by
JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.

Music by
Wm SPENCER JOHNSON.



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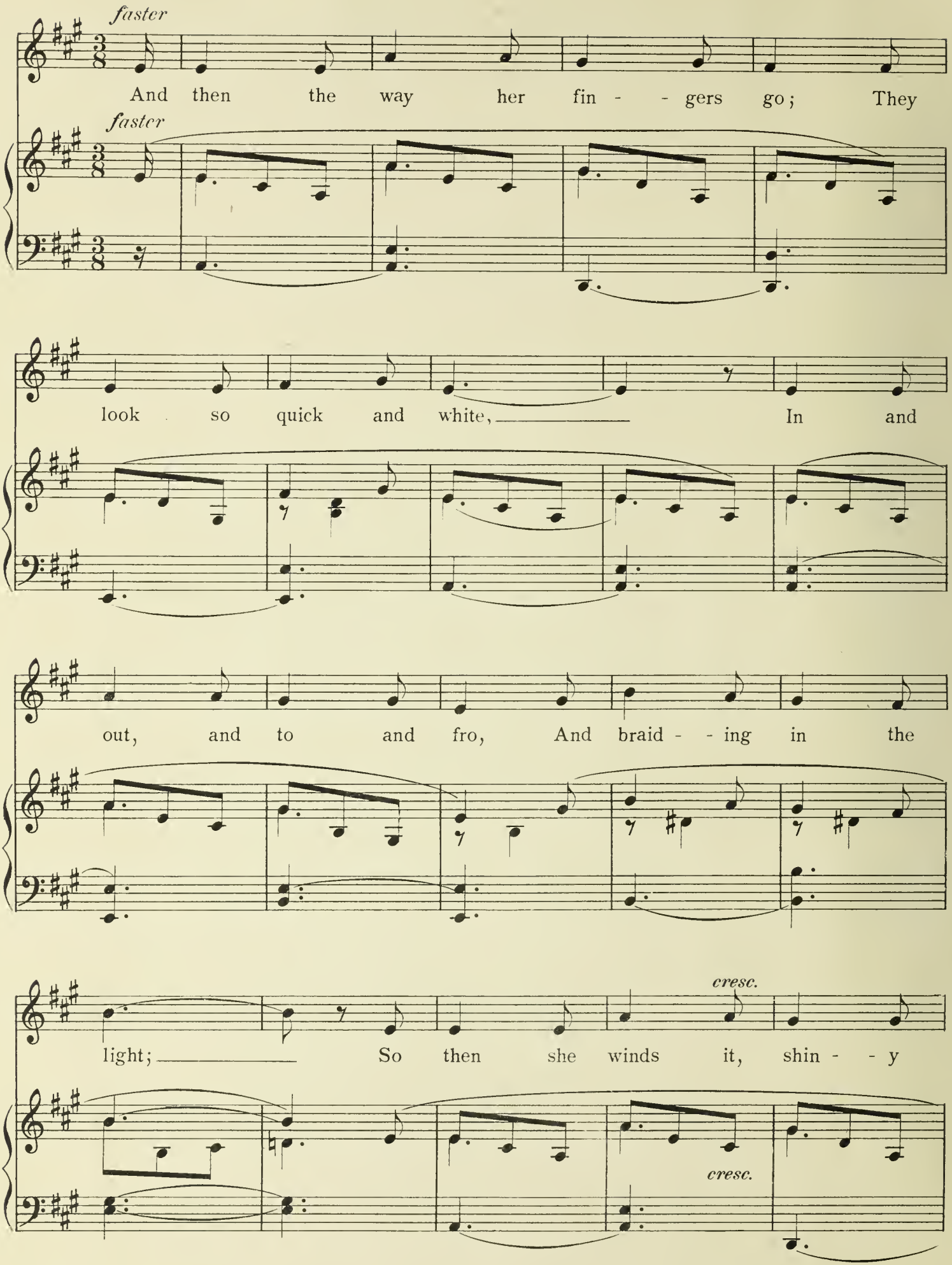
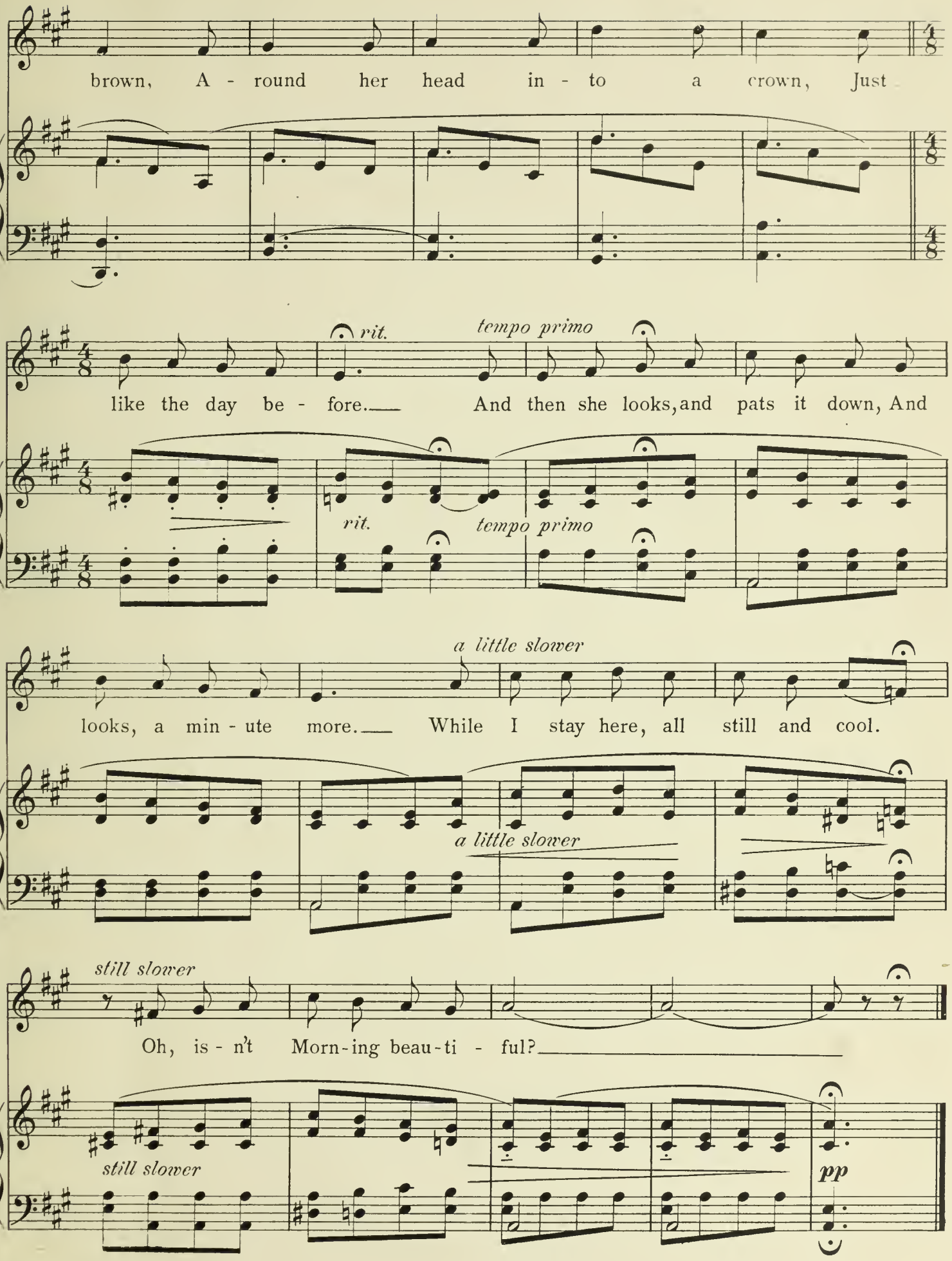
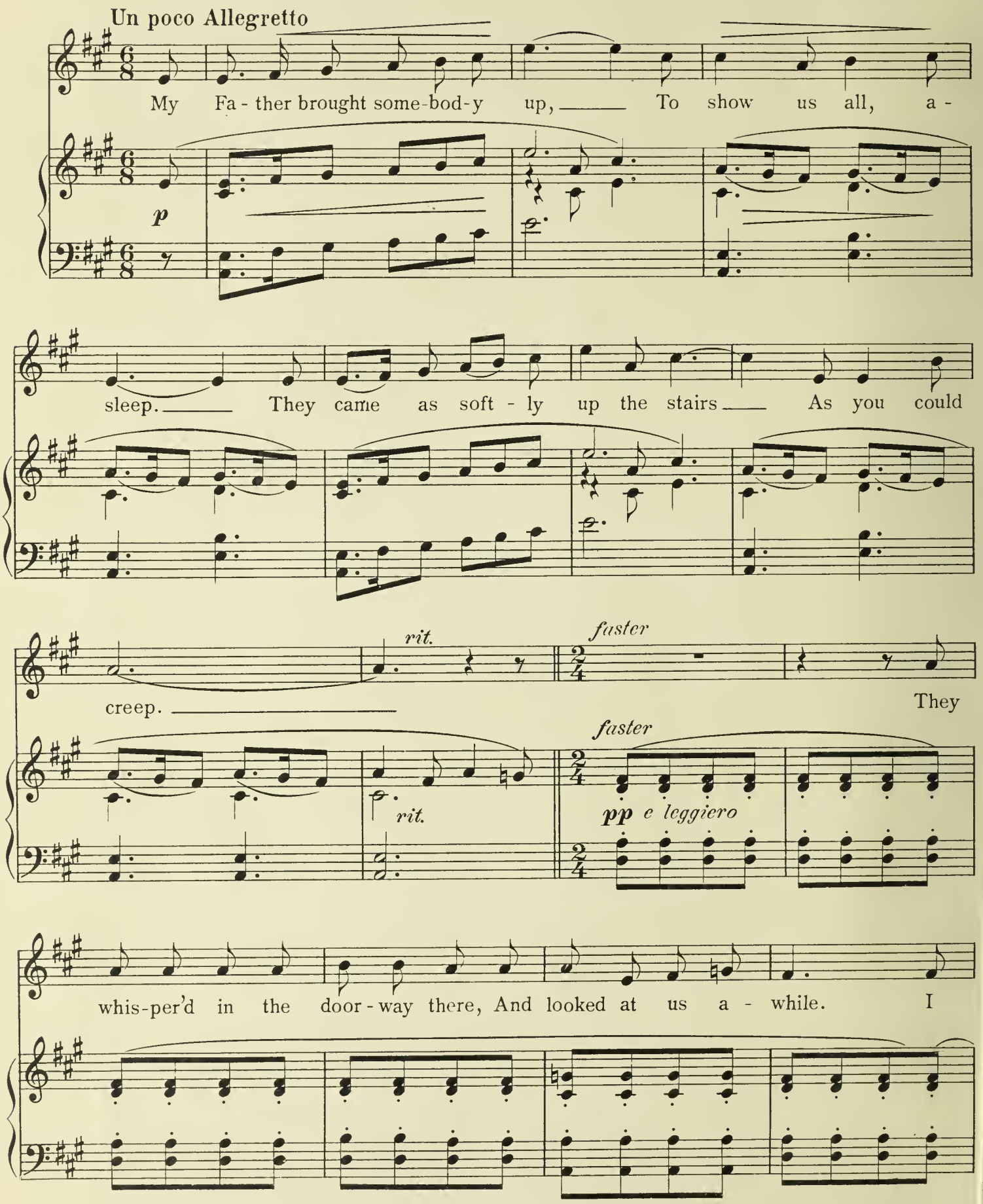

faster
And then the way her fin - - gers go; They
faster
look so quick and white, In and
out, and to and fro, And braid - - ing in the
cresc.
light; So then she winds it, shin - - y
cresc.

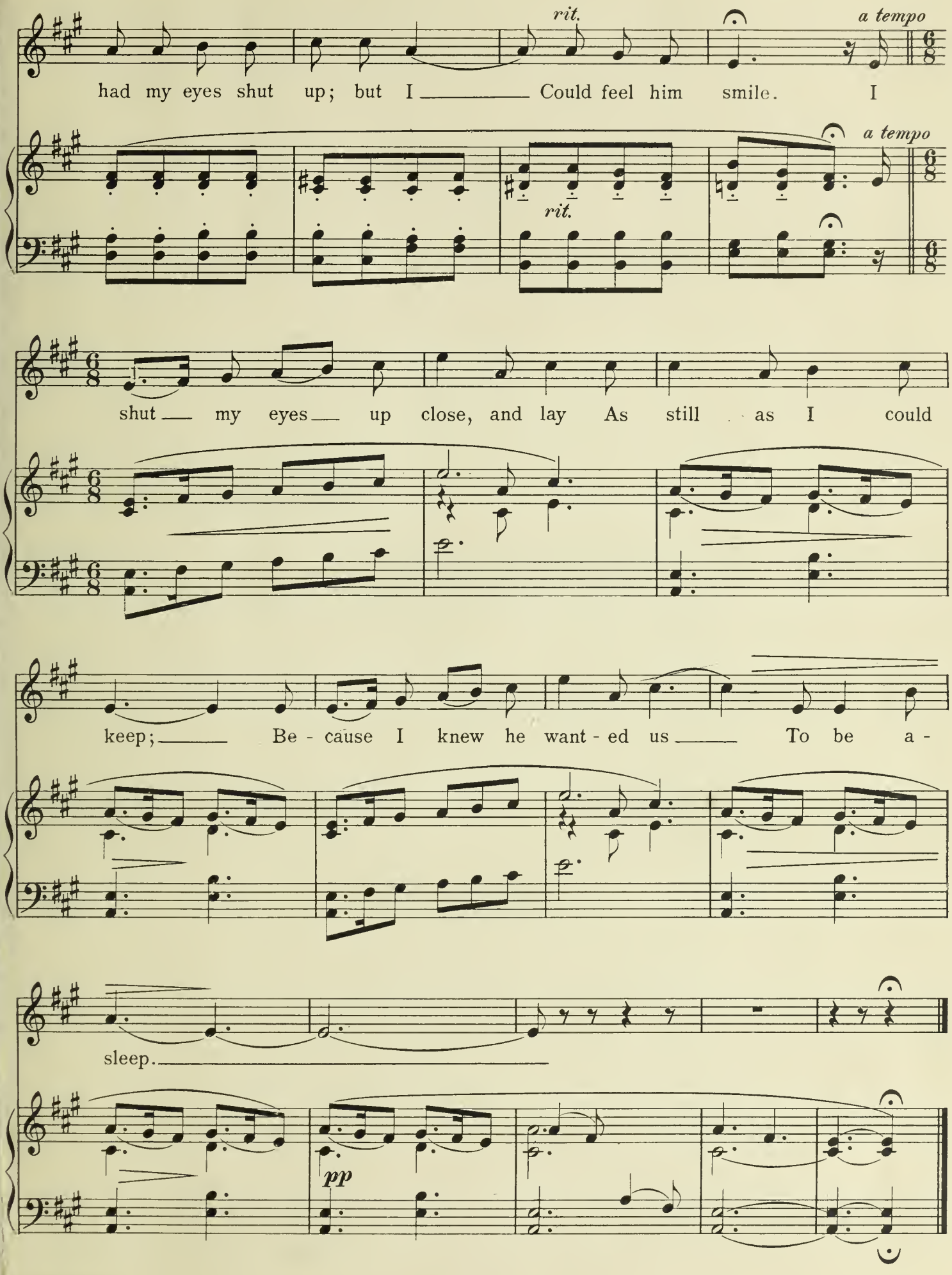

brown, A - round her head in - to a crown, Just
like the day be - fore. And then she looks, and pats it down, And
rit.
tempo primo
looks, a min - ute more. While I stay here, all still and cool.
a little slower
Oh, is - n't Morn-ing beau-ti - ful?
still slower
pp

Late.

For Ruth.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY. Wm SPENCER JOHNSON.

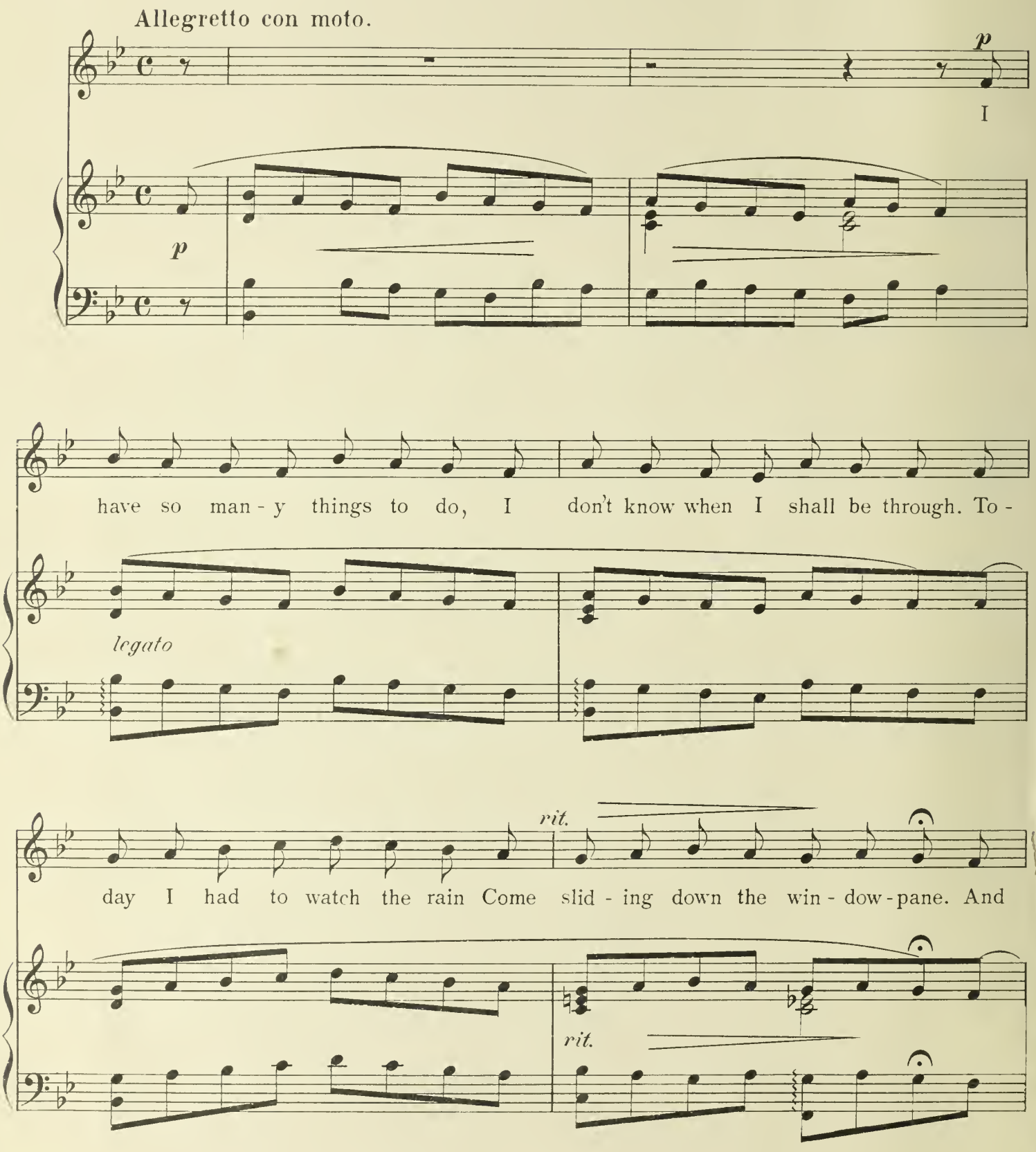


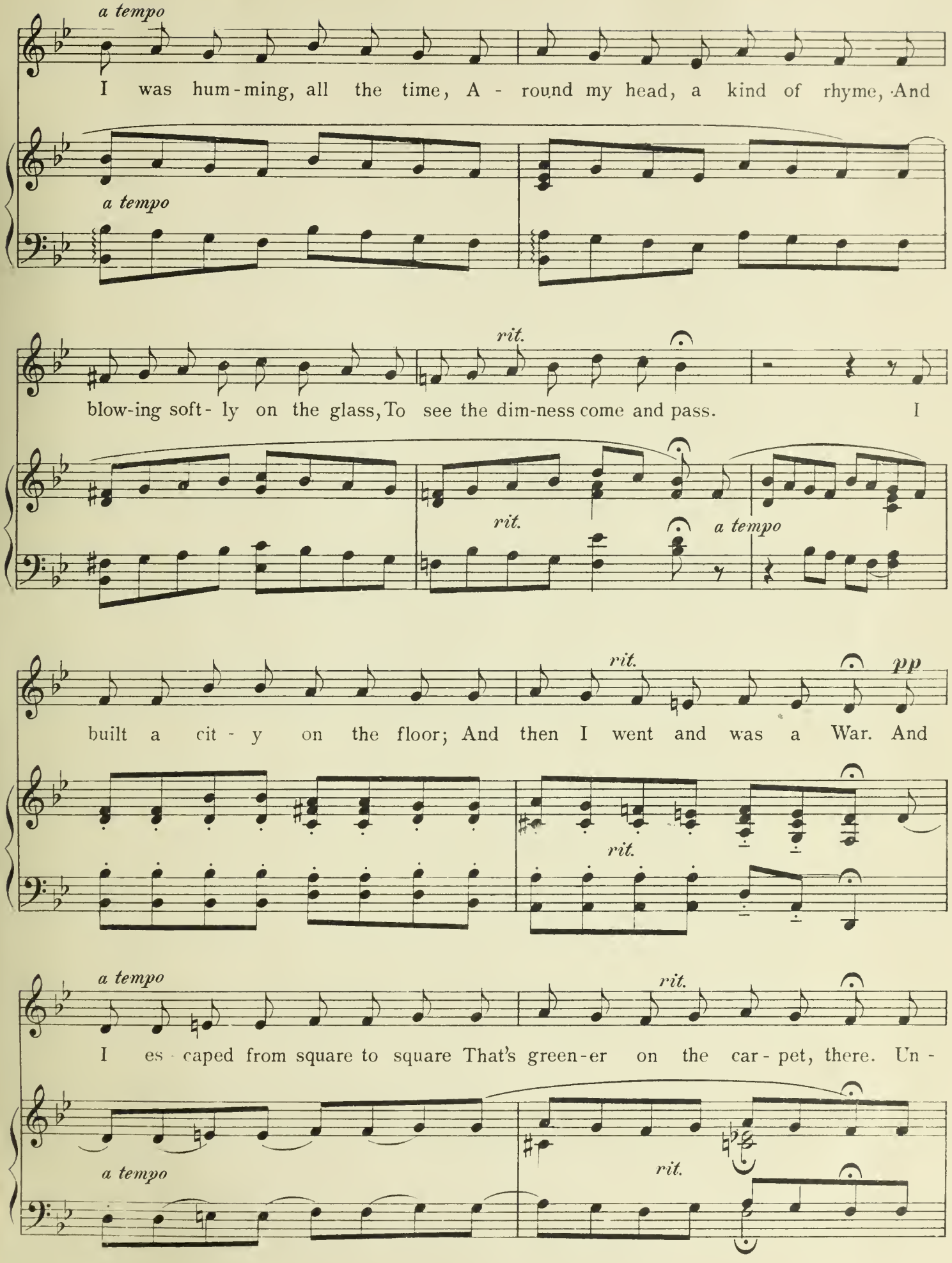

rit.
a tempo
had my eyes shut up; but I Could feel him smile. I
rit.
a tempo
shut my eyes up close, and lay As still as I could
keep; Be - cause I knew he want - ed us To be a -
sleep.
pp

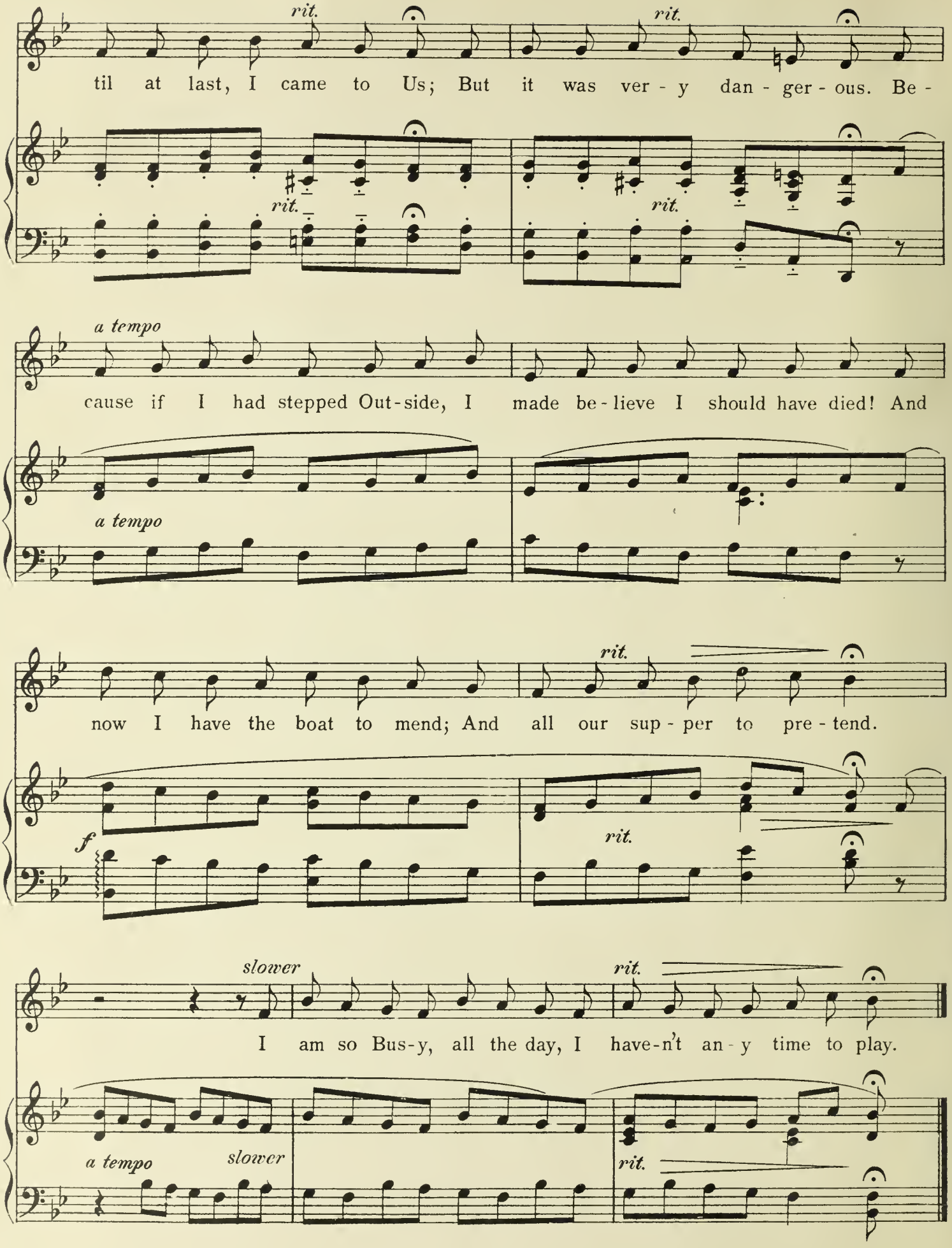
The Busy Child.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.

Wm SPENCER JOHNSON.

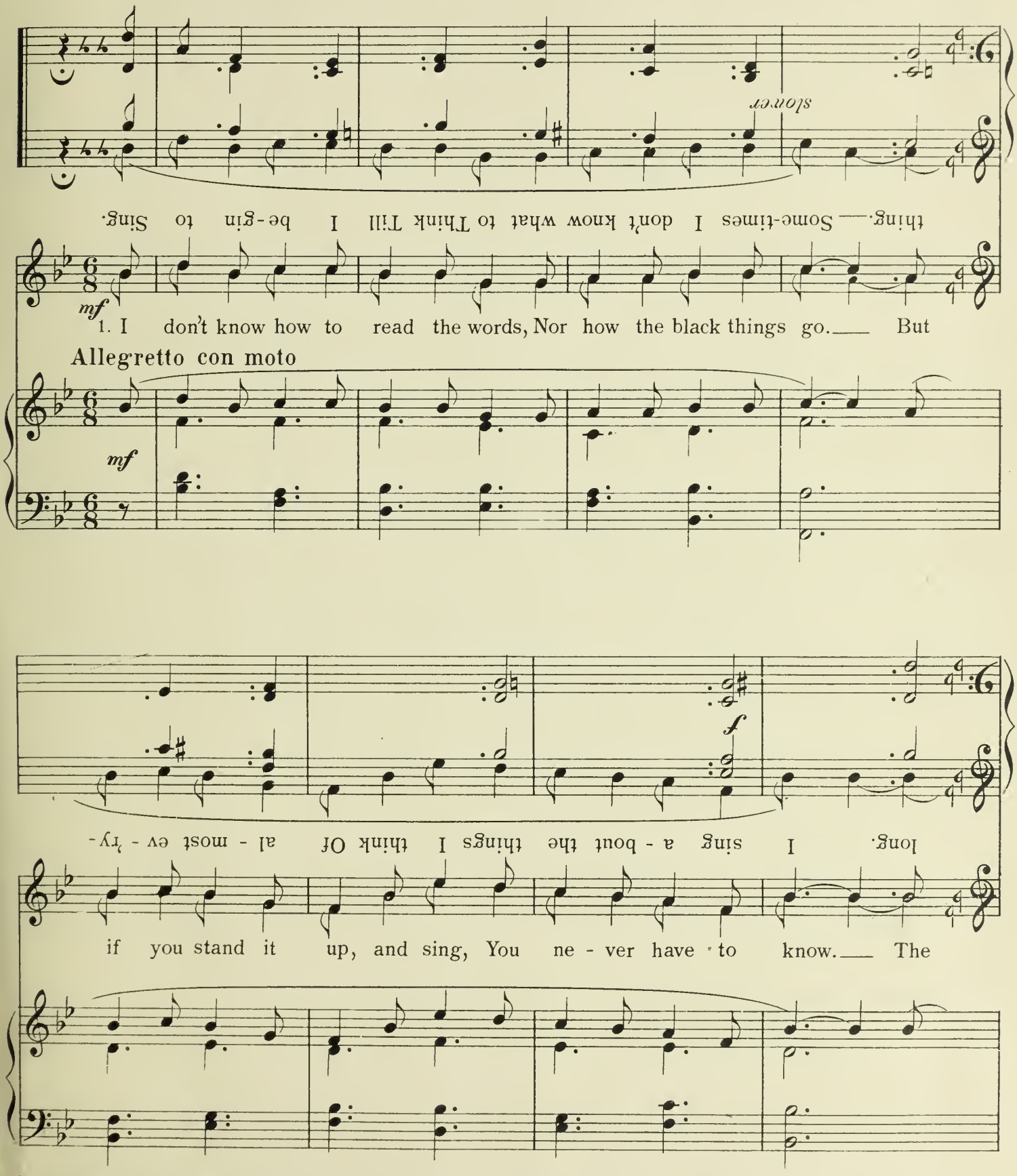



a tempo
I was hum-ming, all the time, A - round my head, a kind of rhyme, And
a tempo
rit.
blow-ing soft- ly on the glass, To see the dim-ness come and pass. I
rit.
a tempo
rit.
pp
built a cit - y on the floor; And then I went and was a War. And
rit.
a tempo
rit.
I es - caped from square to square That's green-er on the car - pet, there. Un -
a tempo
rit.

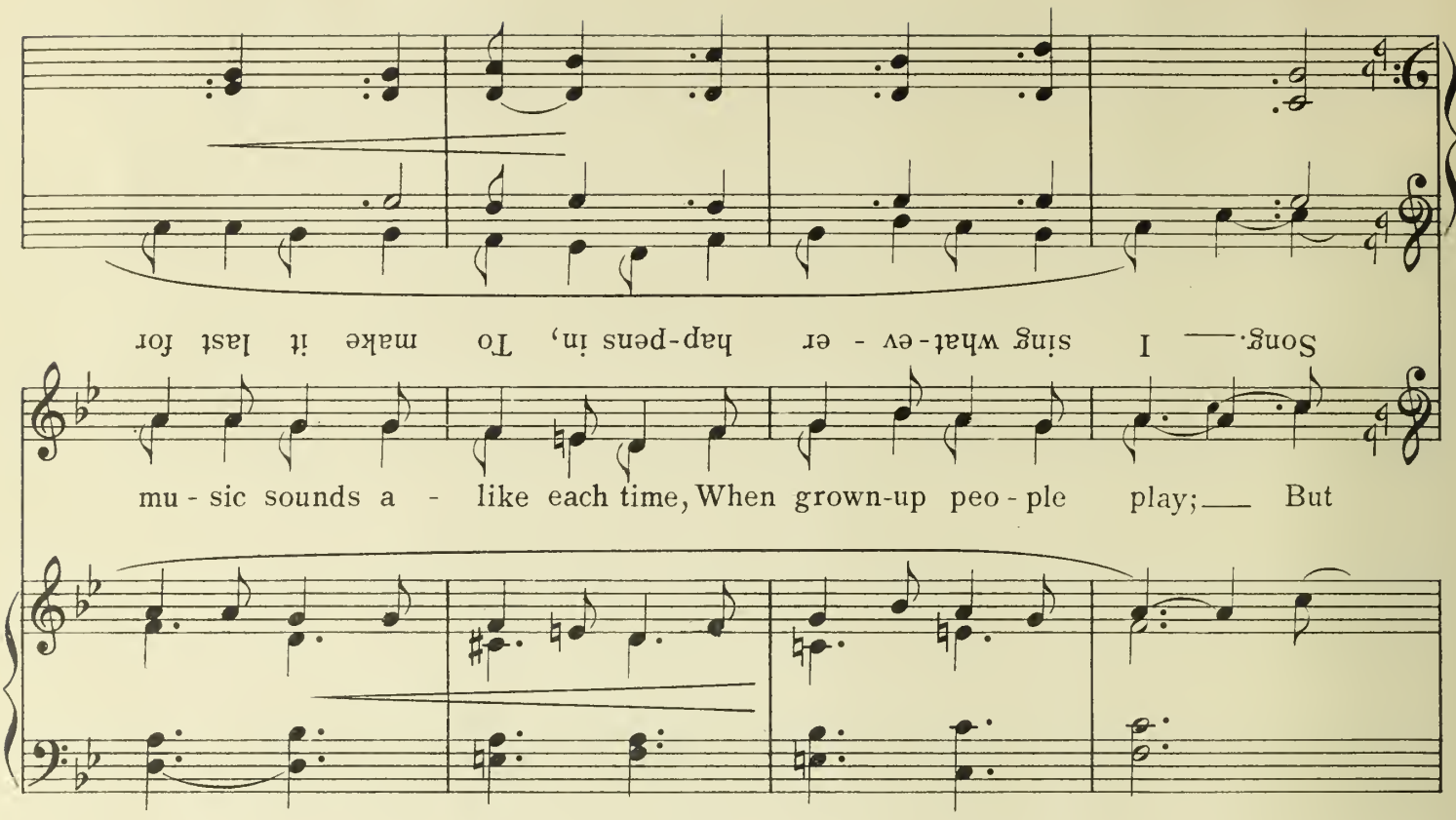

rit.
rit.
til at last, I came to Us; But it was ver - y dan - ger - ous. Be -
rit.
rit.
a tempo
cause if I had stepped Out-side, I made be-lieve I should have died! And
a tempo
rit.
now I have the boat to mend; And all our sup - per to pre - tend.
f
rit.
slower
rit.
I am so Bus-y, all the day, I have-n't an - y time to play.
a tempo
slower
rit.

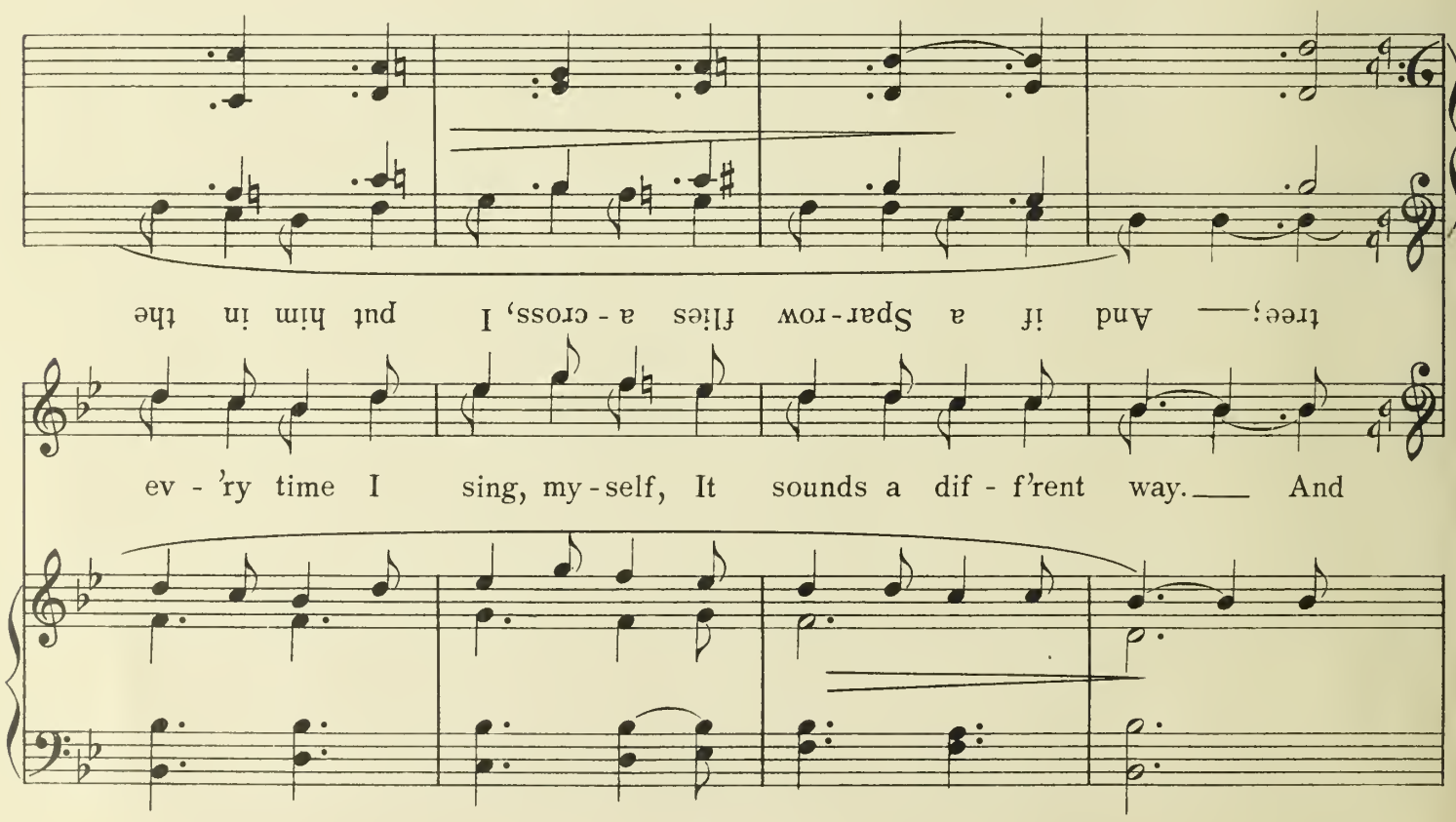
The Green Singing Book.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY. Wm SPENCER JOHNSON.



†) *At the end of the first stanza the music is reversed and the second stanza is sung backward, toward the beginning. The stems of the notes that are sung point upward in each case.*


Song. I sing what-ev - er hap-pens in, To make it last for
mu - sic sounds a - like each time, When grown-up peo - ple play; But


tree; And if a Spar-row flies a - cross, I put him in the
ev - 'ry time I sing, my - self, It sounds a dif - f'rent way. And

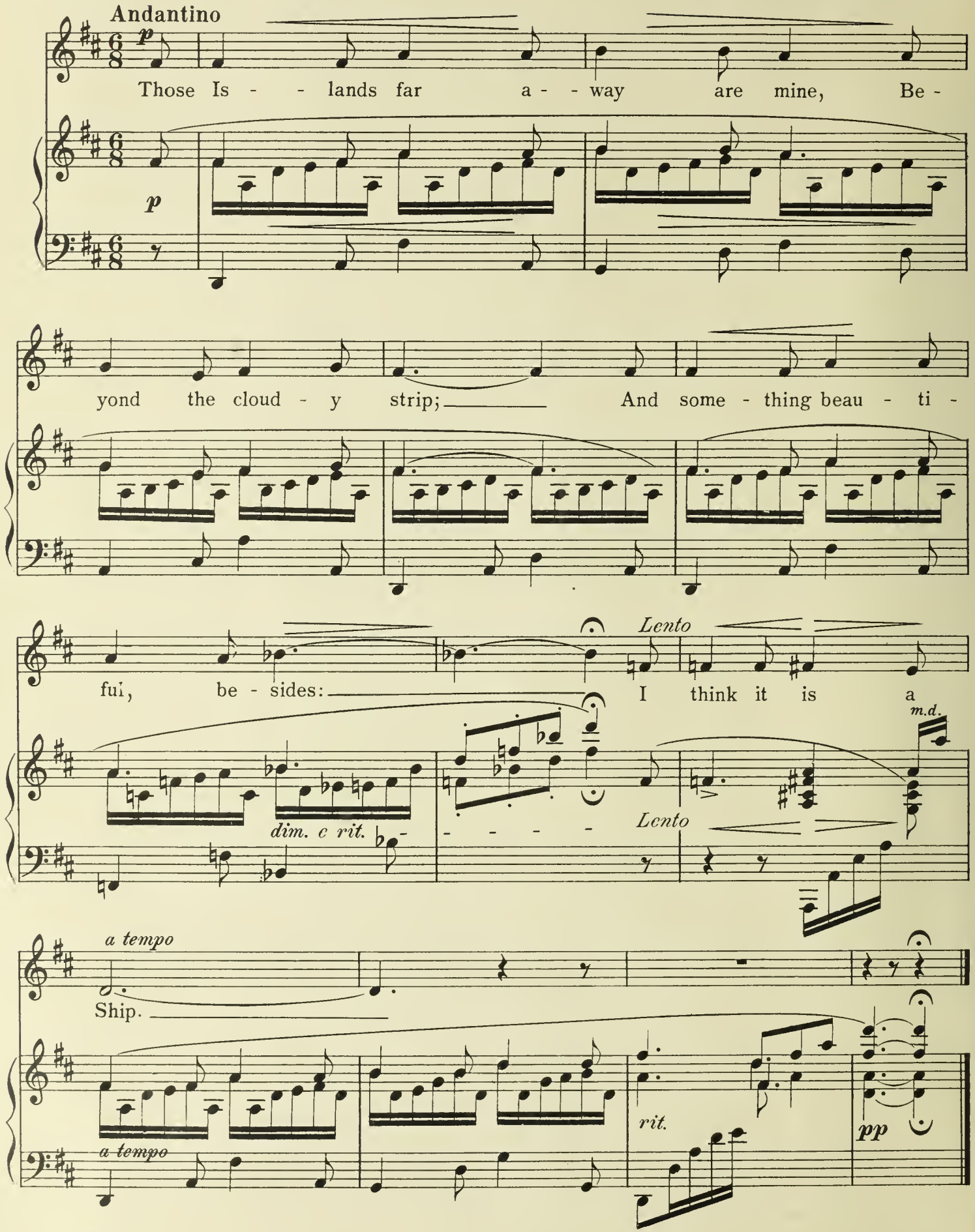
me; The shin-y wrin-kles in the road, And then, a-bout my
when I've sung the book all through, And ev-'ry page, a- -round, I
f

2. I sing how all the things out-side The win-dow look to
stand it up-side down and sing, To see how that will sound.
a tempo
rit.
Turn up-side Down

Sunset.

To Mrs. Lionel Marks.

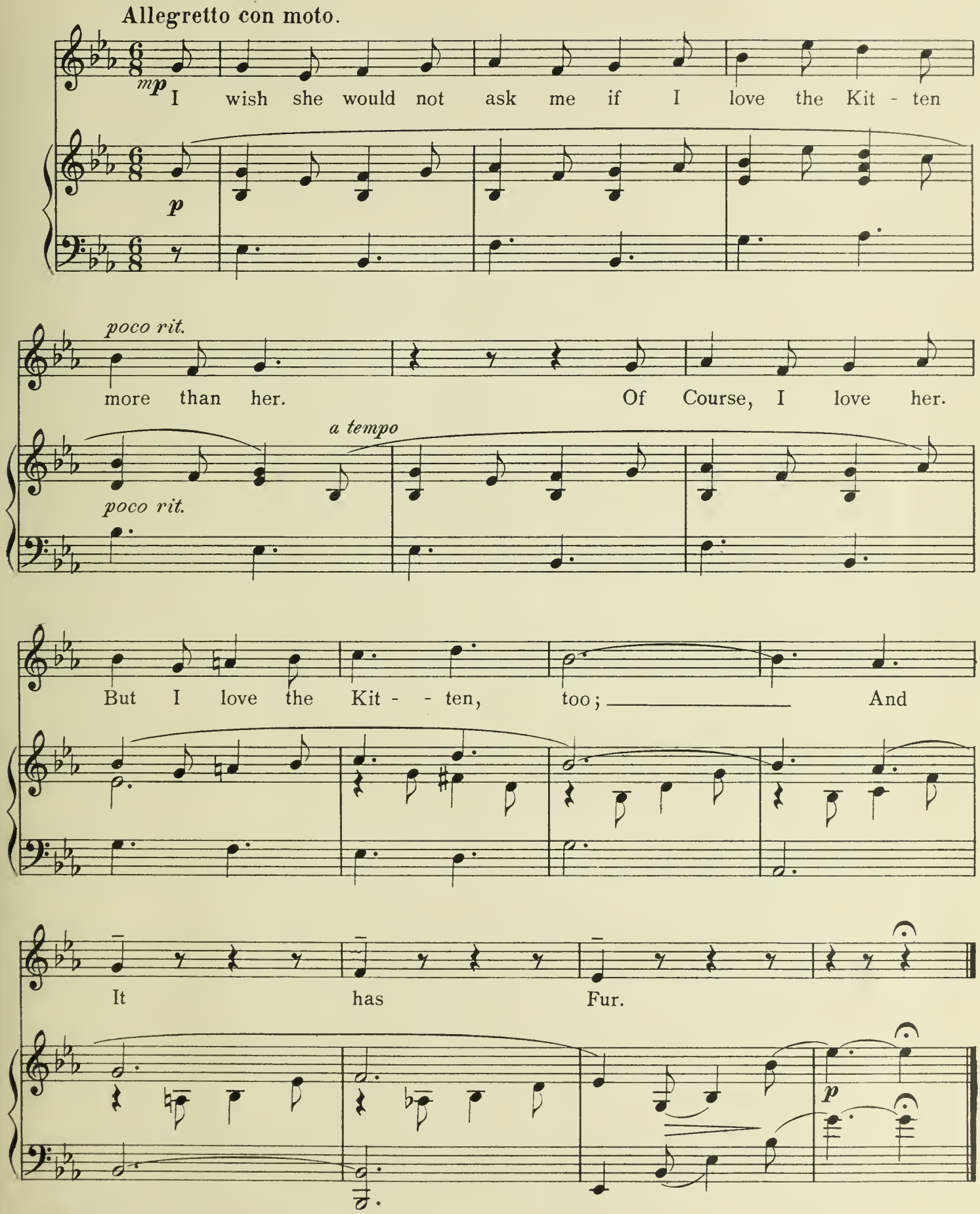
JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY. Wm SPENCER JOHNSON.



Concerning Love.

For Alice.

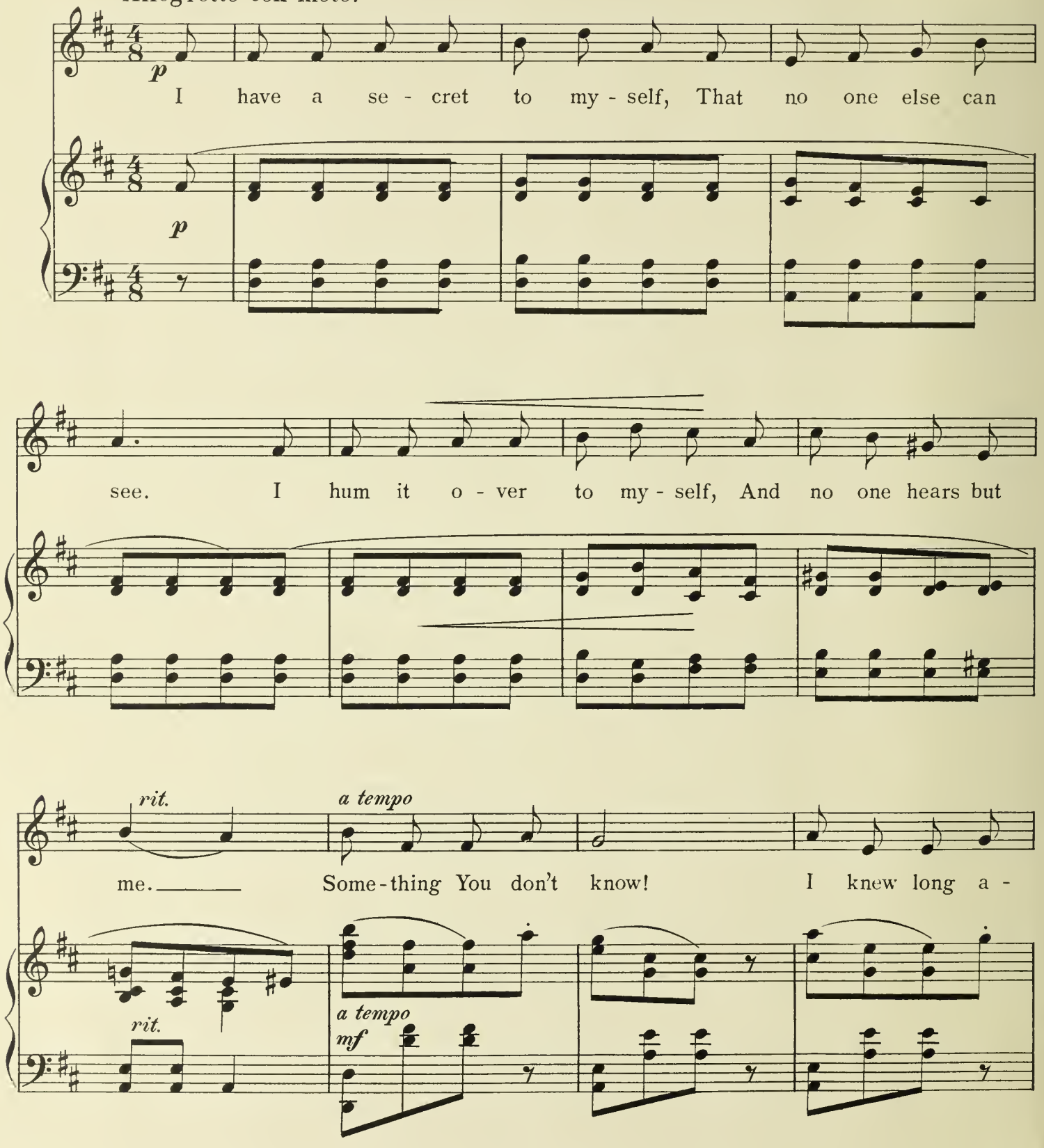
JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY. Wm SPENCER JOHNSON.

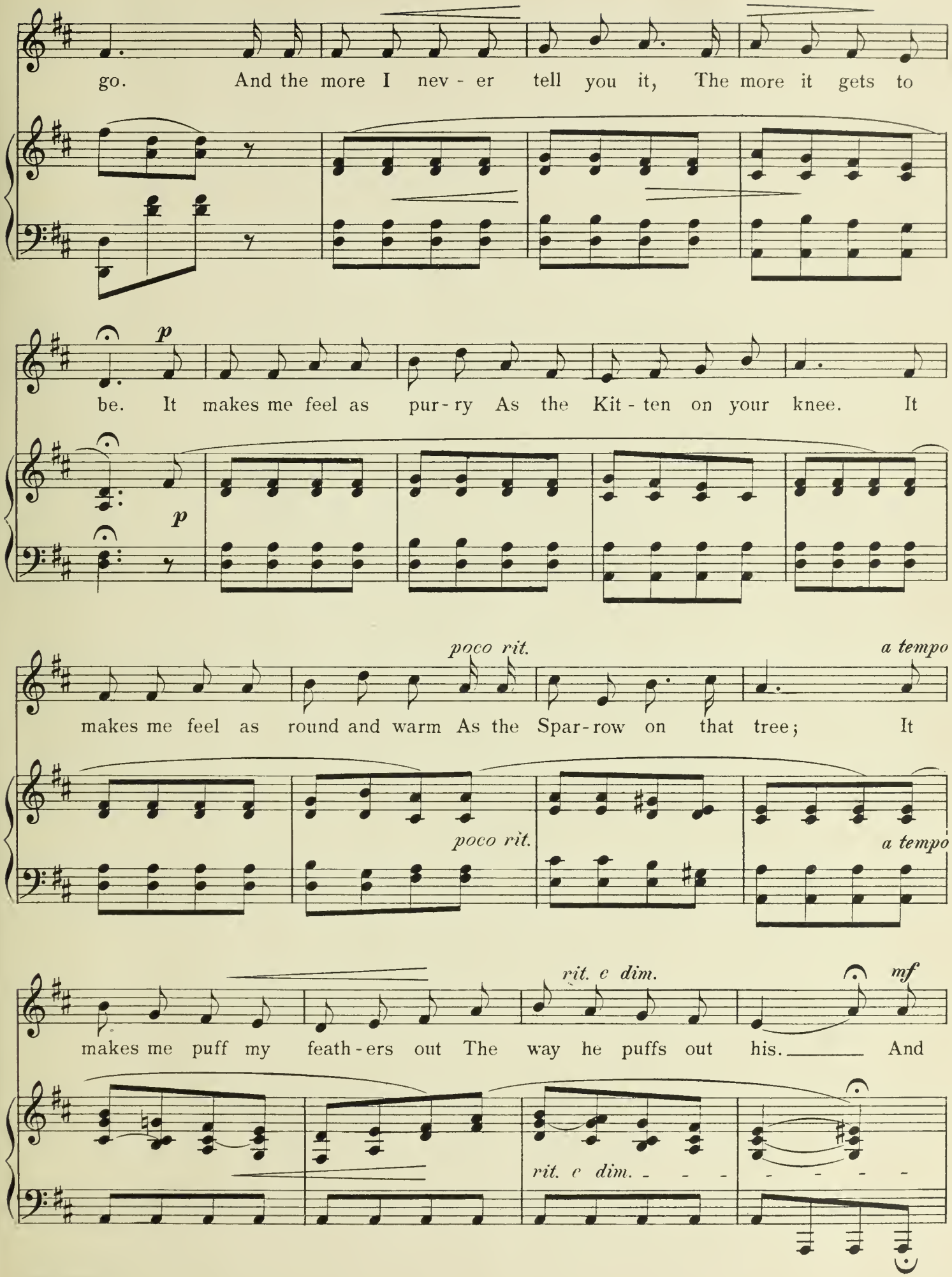


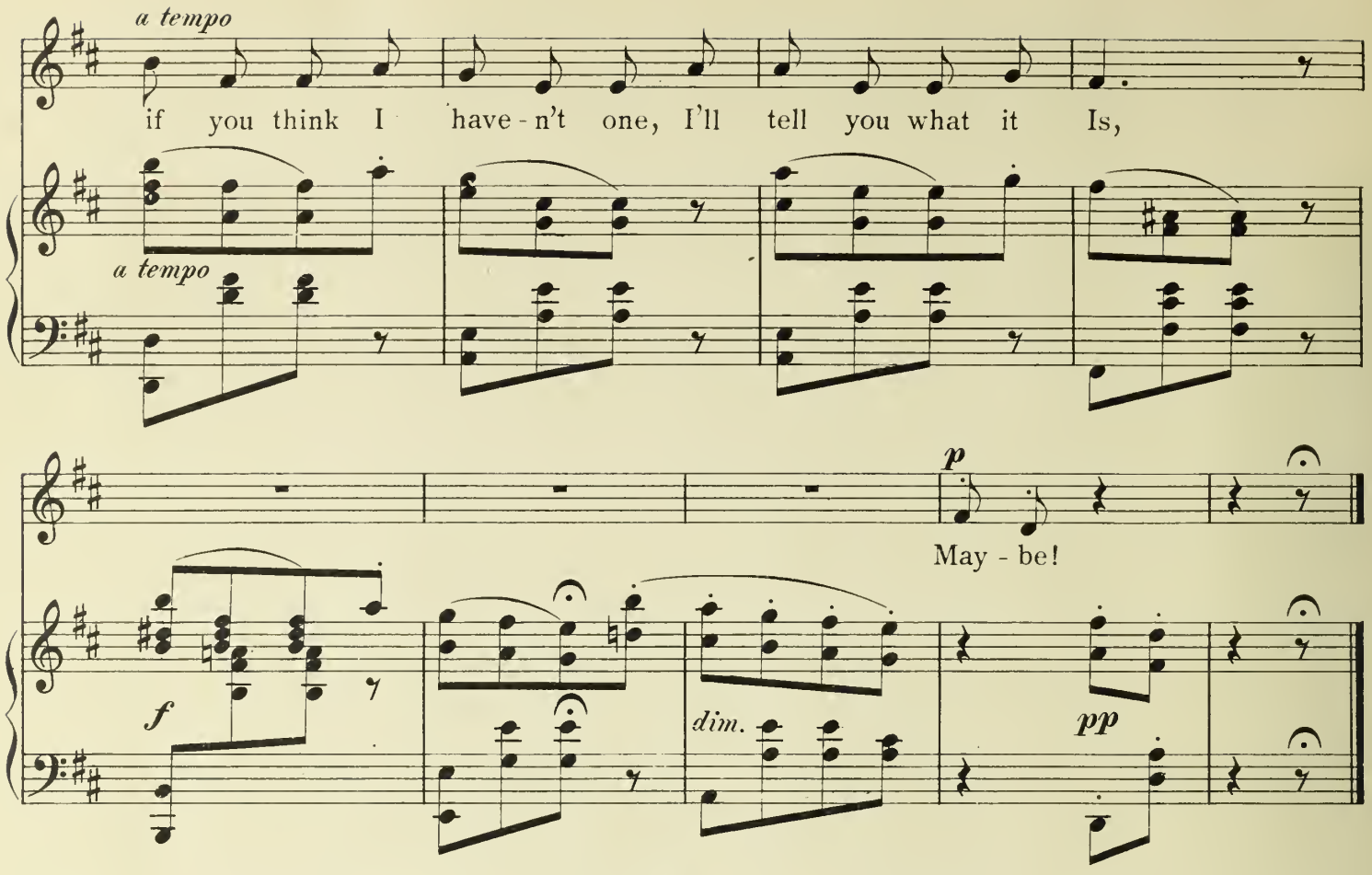
Secrets.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY. Wm SPENCER JOHNSON.

Allegretto con moto.



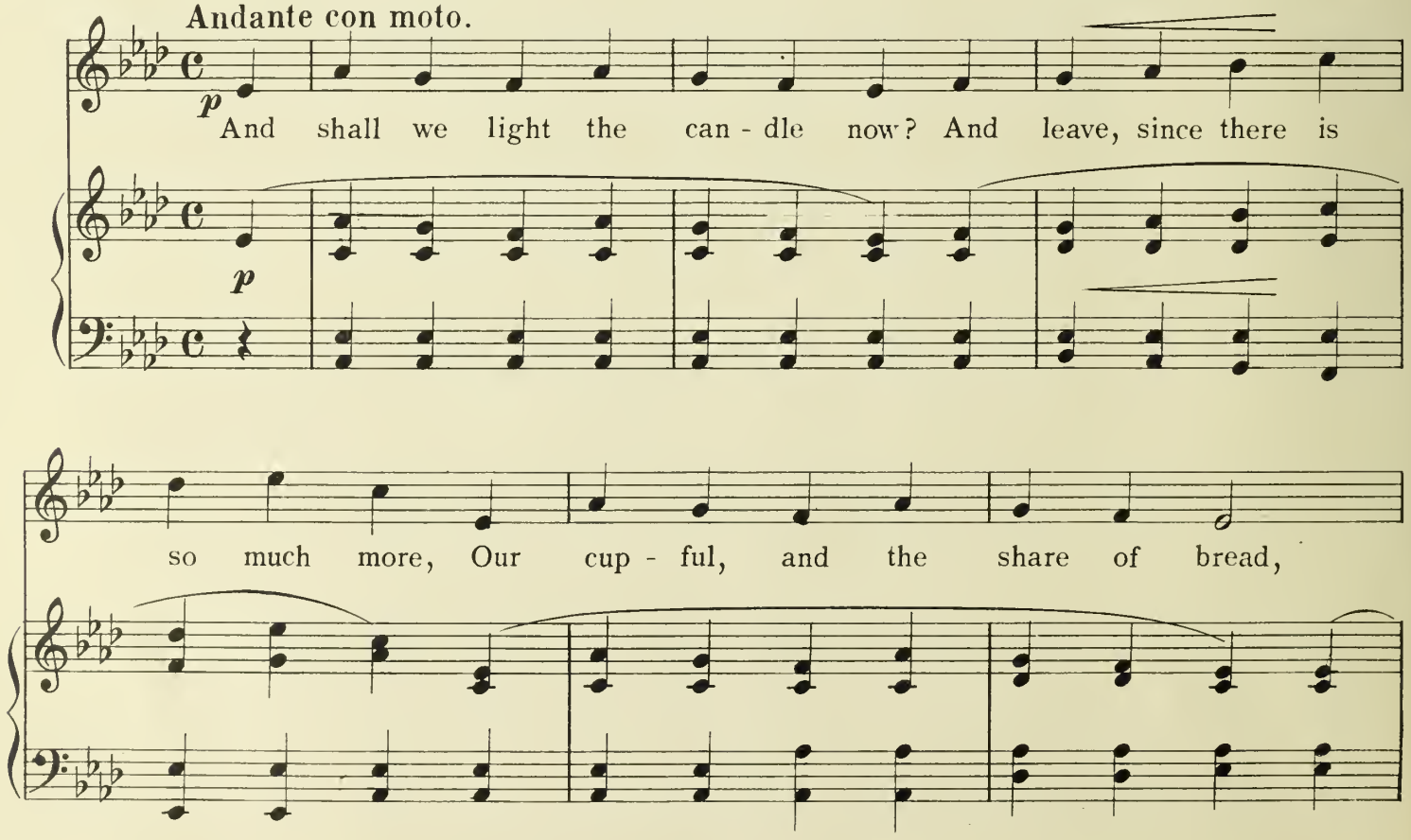

go. And the more I nev - er tell you it, The more it gets to
p
be. It makes me feel as pur - ry As the Kit - ten on your knee. It
p
poco rit.
a tempo
makes me feel as round and warm As the Spar - row on that tree; It
poco rit.
a tempo
rit. e dim.
mf
makes me puff my feath - ers out The way he puffs out his. And
rit. e dim.

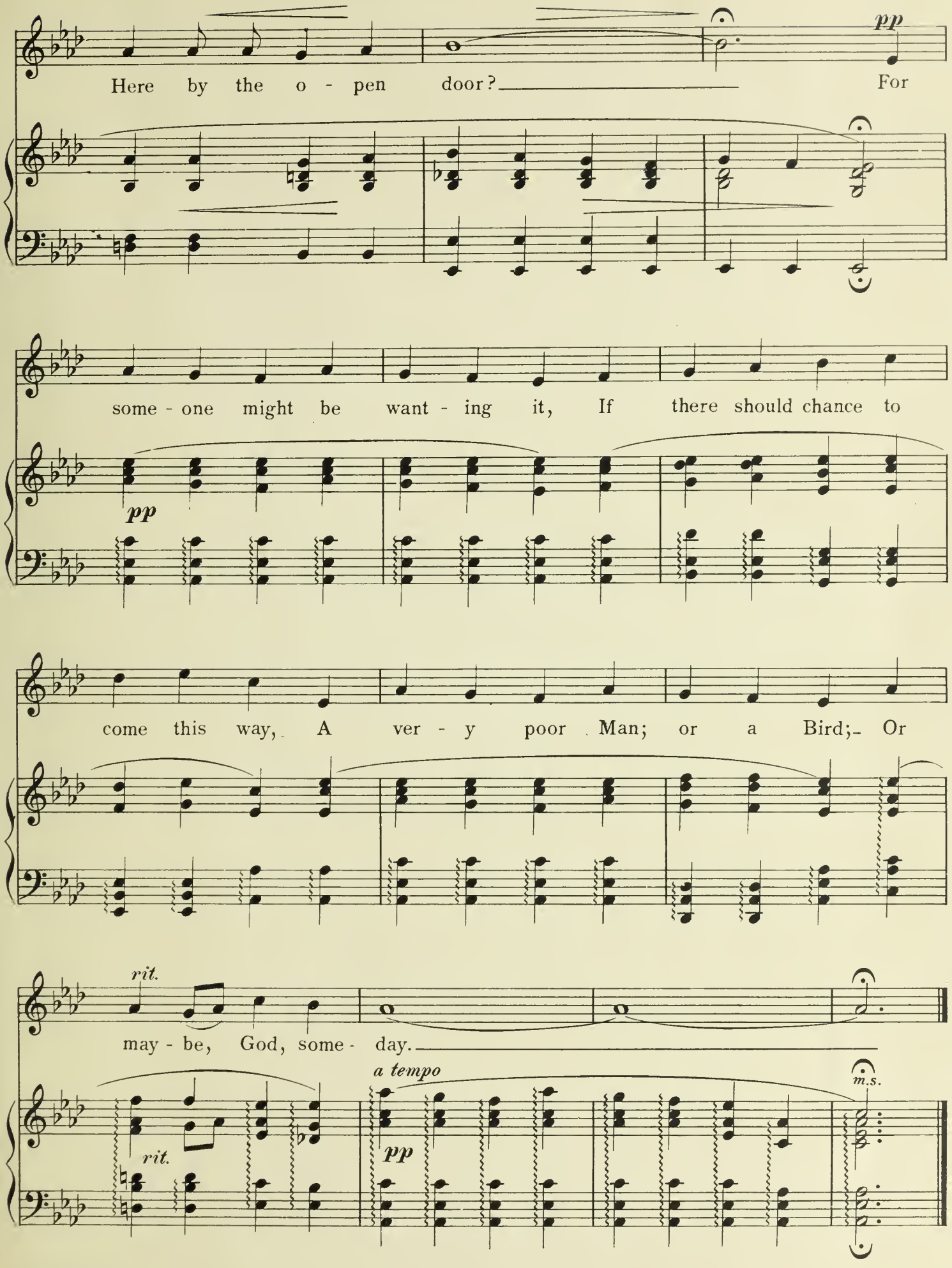


After-Word.

For Klärchen.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY. Wm SPENCER JOHNSON.




Here by the o - pen door?
pp
For
some - one might be want - ing it, If there should chance to
pp
come this way, A ver - y poor Man; or a Bird;- Or
rit.
may - be, God, some - day.
rit.
a tempo
pp
m.s.